

★ If Cornelius Howard had not been able to prove a perfect alibi—he would almost certainly have been hanged for murder when, in the dock, he was identified by two women as

THE MAN BEHIND THE DOOR

Another story of
UNSOLVED
CRIME

By

STUART MARTIN

IF the murder of Mr. George Henry Storrs, of Gorse Hall, near Stalybridge, on November 1st, 1909, proves anything at all, it proves the difficulty of placing complete reliance on evidence of identity.

Mr. Storrs was one of the most important builders and mill-owners in the district. He lived in good style with his wife, her niece (Miss Lindley), two servants, a cook and a housemaid; and a coachman and his wife lived over the stables.

Gorse Hall was a large house with about thirty rooms; but when he took it over, Mr. Storrs closed many of the rooms and lived in a part of the house. There never was any evidence that Storrs had any enemies.

The first hint of the coming tragedy occurred on the night of September 10th, when Mr. and Mrs. Storrs and Miss Lindley were at supper with a lady guest. They had reached the coffee stage when a revolver shot rang out and a bullet smashed the window and tore a hole in the blind.

Mr. Storrs ran to the window, pulled away the blind and looked out. He saw a dark figure gliding away among the shrubs.

Although he was inclined to make light of the incident, his wife persuaded him next day to report the matter to the police and to ask them to put a special man on guard. It was assumed that the intruder was some wandering madman.

Police Guard

Not content with the police guard, Mrs. Storrs had a large alarm bell rigged up on the roof of the house, and instructed the police to hasten to Gorse Hall if they heard the bell.

Two months passed. On the last Saturday in October the bell rang. The police turned out, but when they reached Gorse Hall they were met by Mr. Storrs, who told them he had had the alarm sounded to see if they recognised the sound. The police inspector

thought Mr. Storrs was "nervy." Was there any reason for this nervousness?

On November 1st Mr. Storrs returned from his business as usual. After dinner the housemaid was told to bring coffee to the dining-room. She went towards the kitchen to tell the cook.

On her way she passed close to the scullery door, and a draught from an open window struck her. Looking into the scullery, she saw by the gas-light that a window had been broken. No one had heard the breaking. As the girl stepped into the apartment, a man, who was behind the door, seized her by the wrist. "Give an alarm," he said, "and I will shoot you." He had a revolver in his hand.

The maid broke away and ran screaming. The cook, who had come from the kitchen, burst into the dining-room,

"The bell! The bell!" cried Mrs. Storrs. "Give the alarm!"

She and Miss Lindley left the struggling men. Mrs. Storrs ran upstairs to get the bell going, while Miss Lindley ran down the drive for help.

Opposite the Hall gates was Stalybridge Central Club, and to this place Miss Lindley ran. Several men came back with her.

They found Mr. Storrs in the hall, bleeding from wounds. He had received 15 stabs with the knife. He died in a few minutes without making any statement.

The only description Mrs. Storrs and Miss Lindley could give the police of the murderer was that he was poorly dressed, nothing distinctive about him, had a slight moustache and fair hair.

A Private Enemy?

Had Mr. Storrs an enemy? His private affairs were looked into, his brother, Mr. James Storrs, was questioned, inquiries were made in every direction. There seemed to be nothing on which to work. The revolver left by the murderer was of a cheap pattern, one that could be bought anywhere. There were no restrictions on buying firearms in those days.

And then, the police in Oldham arrested a young man for a trivial offence. He gave his name as Cornelius Howard. The police, for their own reasons, charged him with the murder of Storrs.

It turned out that Howard was a first cousin of Mr. Storrs, who had helped him in the past when he was down and out. He possessed a knife, an there was a cut on his trouser-leg, and what appeared to be blood-stains.

Howard explained the cut by saying that he had hurt himself by accident with a broken window at a grocer's shop in Stalybridge. This was proved true. He said he had never been to Gorse Hall in his life, although he had been often to Stalybridge. His past was gone into thoroughly.

The police seem to have had the idea that a private quarrel had arisen between Howard and Storrs. He was sent for trial.

So sure was he that the charge would be dropped that he assumed an air of self-confidence in the dock. He had a perfect alibi. On the night in question he had been in Huddersfield playing a domino match in a pub., the Ring o' Bells.

The landlord of the pub. and several other men came forward to corroborate this. Man after man appeared and swore that the prisoner was in Huddersfield on the night of the murder.



Here's a greeting that goes with a swing for Torpedoman Seaman A.B. Bell, somewhere in the Med. "Good Morning" took this picture of your wife, Ethel, and your daughter, Patricia, specially, so that you could see how they are. Think they're looking well, Ernie? Pat is growing, isn't she? They send you "all the best" from Scotswood Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"That is the Man"

It seemed a water-tight defence. And it was needed. For when Mrs. Storrs stood, in deepest black, in the witness-box and told her terrible story, she was asked: "Can you identify the man?"

She flung her clasped hands towards the dock with an indescribable gesture, her whole figure trembling, and cried, "There is the man!"

Miss Lindley, more self-possessed, in turn, said: "I am positive the man in the dock is the murderer. Unless he has a double."

No wonder Howard's demeanour in the dock changed. He was staggered. For the truth was that both Mrs. Storrs and Miss Lindley had identified him in honest, but mistaken, earnestness. He was NOT the murderer. He had overwhelming evidence to prove he was innocent. And that evidence broke down the prosecution.

When the jury brought in the verdict of Not Guilty, Howard reeled in the dock. The spectators in the court shouted their agreement.

They never found the real murderer. Why were Mrs. Storrs and Miss Lindley so positive? They had never seen Howard previously. The reason is not far to seek. Howard was of quite a usual type. There are thousands like him in every town.

A Clue?

I remember speaking to an old police sergeant about the case. Said he: "Maybe we got kind of hypnotised with the notion of a relations quarrel. Maybe I personally would have looked for the murderer among the employees of George Storrs—I mean an ex-employee who had been fired."

But by that time it was too late. I agree with the sergeant.

£100,000,000 goes up in smoke

By ANDREW SLADE

LAST year Britain smoked away £100,000,000 in tobacco taxes. For every cigarette that was smoked thirty years ago, we are smoking five to-day, in spite of heavy taxes. Some 500,000,000lb. are kept in reserve in bonded stores, but still, making allowances for non-smokers, every man ashore in this country gets rid of nearly a pound of tobacco a month. It makes you wonder where all the pipe dreams are leading, what there is in this tobacco, and why we smoke it.

Scientists have now found the answer. They have definitely established the link that makes you enjoy a fag when fagged. Smoking stimulates the adrenal glands, those little wonder-workers which researchists consider to be at the base of the essential vitality of life.

With a whiff of tobacco, the glands work harder and begin to pour sugar into the bloodstream. Sugar is the fast worker at the factory source of energy. The heart begins to beat faster, the eyes brighten, the brain clears, and the smoker feels ready for greater effort.

Time-lag Factor

The strange thing is that it doesn't happen at the time. There's a lag between the smoke and the result, sometimes as much as twenty minutes. The immediate refreshment of a cigarette, psycholo-

pists say, is a mere matter of auto-suggestion. You expect to feel better, and so you do feel better.

A famous psychologist, Dryden St. Clair, has discovered why smokers have trouble in breaking the habit. He determined to cease chain-smoking while writing a book in order to gain greater concentration. Without the interruption of cigarette lighting and ash-flicking, however, he wrote slower than before.

Far from forgetting the hunger for tobacco, he also hungered for the little acts that relieve the smoker. Match-striking and the other acts of smoking are all rhythmic tricks in a behaviour routine. They enable the brain to take time off for the split-second needed for refreshment. The change from concentration is as good as a rest. . . .

A Theory Disproved

Cigarette smoking is often believed to blunt the taste. A gastronomic association in America conducted tests to confirm this—and succeeded only in disproving it, finding that the barrier of tobacco is soon surmounted by the palate. Tobacco pours carbonate of ammonia, nicotianin, empyreumatic oil, soot, and some gases into the lungs. For all that, endurance tests with smoking and non-smoking athletes have shown no difference.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—15

- 1.—Put the same three letters, in the same order, both before and behind the letters, ELIVE, and make a word.
- 2.—Which of these words is mis-spelt: MEDLAR, QUAGMIRE, SLEUTH - HO UND, PTARMIGAN, INCONGROUS.
- 3.—Can you change APE into MAN, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: MINE into COAL, RAGS into SILK, FISH into MEAT.
- 4.—How many four-letter, and five-letter, words can you make out of the word IDIOSYNCRASY?

Answers to Wangling Words—14

- 1.—SHORT.
- 2.—EMBARRASS.
- 3.—REST, LEST, LOST, LOFT, SOFT, SOFA, FISH, FIST, GIST, GIRT, GIRD.
- 4.—WALK, WALL, PALL, PALE, PATE, RATE, RITE, RIDE, FEAR, FEAT, MEAT, MOAT, MORT, MORE, MOPE, HOPE, MIST, MIST, THIAN, PORE, PITH, HIST, THIS, THEM, etc.
- 5.—SAINT, SPORE, STAIN, THANE, PEARS, SPEAR, SPARE, etc.

WORD FINDING

An average newspaper in the course of one week gives you the equivalent of several full-length books in wordage. You can reckon the total yourself by figuring that an average newspaper column contains 750 words and multiplying this by the average number of news columns per issue and the number of days a week. You'll find it running into six figures.

But how many words can you find in NEWSPAPER—that is, words made up only of letters in the word? Counting two- and three-letter combinations, there are scores. But give yourself five minutes and see if you can find 25 words of four letters or more.

Remember, in spelling out words from NEWSPAPERS, you can only repeat letters repeated in that word. For example, you can't find the word None in newspaper, because it has only one n.

Singular and plural forms of the same word are not counted as different words.

Answer to Football Puzzle in No. 50

Arsenal, Everton, Reading, Chelsea, Burnley, Preston, Grimsby.

Solution to Puzzles in No. 51

Word Ladders: Tuba, Tube, Tune, Tone, Hone, Hore, Hare, Harp. Year, Bear, Bead, Bend, Bond, Bone, Gone.

A Division Query: The number is 2519.

ANY IDEAS

for quizzes, jokes, puzzles or sketches? WRITE TO US—ADDRESS ON BACK PAGE.



CURIOUS ACCIDENTS

LITTLE HERBIE STUCK IN DRAIN (HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.). Little Herbie Scheper, 2½, was bearing up very bravely here as police and firemen worked to extricate his leg from a drainpipe in the concrete driveway at his home. His mother, Mrs. Stella Scheper, is comforting him as firemen work behind the blanket, breaking concrete. Mrs. Scheper fainted before Herbie was freed.

Little Weather Mysteries—No. 12

WEATHER CONTROL

SHALL we ever be able to control the weather? Not, perhaps, on a grand scale, but little jobs like the dispersal of fogs may one day be accomplished.

Schemes have actually been worked out for changing the climate of whole continents, but these involve gigantic engineering feats which are only possible on paper.

One idea, for instance, is to build an artificial mountain range across the Sahara desert, and so bring down seasonal rain on that otherwise very fertile land. Another is to build an ocean dam some distance off the New England coastline, and so deflect the Gulf Stream along the Canadian coast. This would transport Britain's mild winter climate to America.

But the more practical idea of dispersing city fogs has reached the experimental stage, and has even met with some small success.

The chief experiments have followed two distinct lines. One is the dropping of electrified sand, or other particles, through the fog, when the droplets in the fog condense around them and fall as dirty rain.

Gone at a yell

The other, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, tackles the chief cause of city fogs, which is soot-dust. By means of a particular screeching sound produced within the factory chimneys, the soot is made to coagulate and fall before reaching the atmosphere. Both experiments work well on a laboratory scale.

But the difficulty of dropping electrified sand over so

large an area as a city is obvious, and if all our factories emitted screeching sounds, the noise-abatement societies would not be the only people to declare war on the anti-smoke committees!

Nevertheless anything which would diminish the amount of soot discharged into the air would be a great boon. Every month about 78 tons of it fall on each square mile of London, which is equivalent to spreading a hundredweight of coal-dust over six tennis courts. And the total cost to the country of smoke-pollution is about £80,000,000 per year.

Apart from fogs, man's habit of living in cities does have a direct influence on the weather. The night temperature of the air over a city is always higher than in the open country, and where there are many factory furnaces this is liable to initiate secondary cyclones, with rain as a result.

JANE



NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

THE storm had thrown us eastward once more. All hope of escaping on the shores of New York or the St. Lawrence had vanished. Poor Ned, in despair, shut himself up like Captain Nemo. Conseil and I left each other no more.

The bottom of these seas looked like a battle-field where still lay all the ocean's victims—some already old and incrustated, some yellow and reflecting the light of our lantern on their iron and copper hulls. The Nautilus went on amidst these gloomy remains as if passing the dead in review.

On the 15th of May we were at the southern extremity of Newfoundland Bank. This bank is formed of alluvia, or large heaps of organic matter, brought either from the equator by the Gulf Stream or from the North Pole by the counter-current of cold water that skirts the American coast. There also are piled those erratic blocks of stone carried down by the breaking up of the ice. And it is also a vast charnel-house of molluscs and zoophytes, which perish there by millions.

The depth of the sea is not great on Newfoundland Bank—a few hundred fathoms at most. But towards the south is a depression of 1,500 fathoms. There the Gulf Stream widens. It loses speed and heat and becomes a sea.

It was upon this inexhaustible Newfoundland Bank that I surprised cod in its favourite waters.

It may be said that cod are mountain-fish, for Newfoundland is only a submarine mountain. As the Nautilus moved through the thick shoals of them Conseil said—

"What a lot of them there is!"

"There would be more but for their enemies—sharks and men! Do you know how many eggs there are in a single female?"

"I'll guess well," answered Conseil; "five hundred thousand!"

"Eleven millions, my friend."

"Eleven millions! I will never believe that till I count them myself."

"Count them, Conseil, but it will be quicker work to believe me. Besides, the French, English, Americans, Danes, and Norwegians catch cod by thousands. A prodigious quantity of them is consumed, and if they were not so astonishingly fertile the seas would soon be cleared of them."

Whilst we were on Newfoundland Bank I saw the long lines, armed with two hundred hooks, which each boat hangs out by dozens. Each line had a little grapline at one end, and was fastened to the surface by a buoy-rope, the buoy being made of cork. The Nautilus had to be skilfully steered amidst this submarine network.



However, it did not stay long in these frequented regions. It went northwards to the 42nd degree of latitude. It was abreast of Saint John's, in Newfoundland, and Heart's Content, where one extremity of the transatlantic cable touches.

The Nautilus, instead of keeping to its course northward, took an easterly direction as if to follow the telegraphic plateau on which the cable lies.

I did not expect to find the electric cable in its original state as it came from the manufactories. The long serpent, covered with debris of shells, bristling with foraminiferae, was incrustated in a stony coating that protected it against perforating molluscs. It was resting tranquilly, sheltered from the movements of the sea, and under a pressure favourable to the transmission of the electric spark, which passes from America to Europe in 32 of a second. The duration of this cable will, doubtless, be infinite, for it has been remarked that its gutta-percha envelope is improved by the sea-water.

The bottom of the sea there formed a wide valley on which Mont Blanc might rest without its summit emerging above the waves.

This valley is closed on the east by a precipitous wall 6,000 feet high. We reached it on the 28th of May, when the Nautilus was not more than 120 miles from Ireland.

Was Captain Nemo going north to coast the British Isles? No. To my great surprise he went southward again and returned to European seas. Whilst rounding the Emerald Isle I caught a glimpse of Cape Clear and Fastnet Beacon, which lights the thousands of vessels from Glasgow to Liverpool.

An important question then occurred to me. Would the Nautilus dare to enter the English Channel? Ned Land, who had reappeared since we were near land, questioned me constantly. How could I answer

Continued on Page 3.

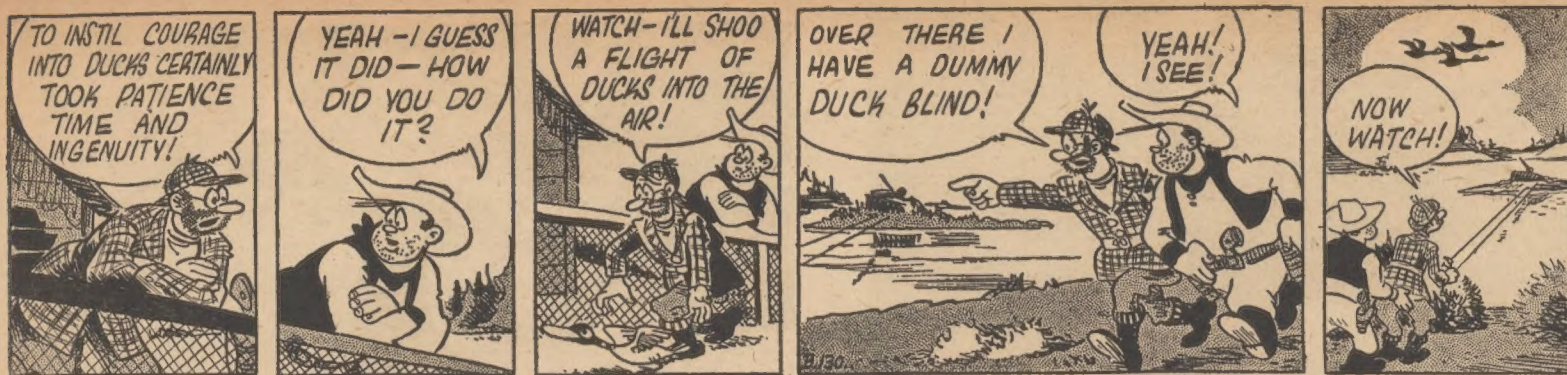
QUIZ for today

1. What is rhabdomancy?
2. Who wrote "She Stoops to Conquer"?
3. What does a new moon look like?
4. What is a flock of geese called?
5. How did "Nosmo King" get his professional name?
6. Who invented the umbrella?
7. What is vanilla?
8. Pick out an "intruder" in the following list: Byron, Donne, Shelley, Browning, Carlyle, Newbolt.
9. Who said, "Off with his head!"?
10. What is the highest church spire in (a) England, (b) Europe?
11. What does "matriculate" mean?
12. What is Maundy Money?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. (a) A stay in the country. (b) In the open air.
2. Only figs.
3. (a) Edgar Wallace, (b) Conan Doyle, (c) Ibanez.
4. Sirius, the Dog Star.
5. Henny. If the sexes are round the other way, it is a mule.
6. Tidal rivers, to the Crown; others, to the owners of the land through which they run.
7. A cheese made at Gruyere, in Switzerland.
8. 561b.
9. It was first coined in Italy, and had the lion of St. Mark on one side.
10. Engraving done directly on copper.
11. 445 yards, made at Herne Bay in 1913.
12. 11 hours 5 minutes, by G. Michel in 1926.

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

him? Captain Nemo remained invisible. After having allowed the Canadian a glimpse of the American shores, was he going to show me those of France?

The Nautilus still went southward. On the 30th of May we sighted Land's End, between the extreme point of England and the Scilly Isles, which were left to starboard.

If the vessel was going to enter the Channel it must go direct east. It did not do so.

During the whole of the 31st of May the Nautilus described a series of circles on the water that greatly interested me. It seemed to be seeking a spot there was some difficulty in finding. At noon Captain Nemo came to take the bearings himself. He did not speak to me, and seemed gloomier than ever. What could sadden him thus? Was it his proximity to European shores? Was it some memory of the country he had abandoned? What was it he felt, remorse or regret? For a long time this

thought haunted my mind, and I felt a kind of presentiment that before long chance would reveal the captain's secrets.

The next day, the 1st of June, the Nautilus continued the same manoeuvres. It was evidently trying to find a precise point in the

ocean. Captain Nemo came to take the sun's altitude like he did the day before. The sea was calm, the sky pure. Eight miles to the east a large steamship appeared on the horizon. No flag fluttered from its mast, and I could not find out its nationality.

ODD CORNER

How many scores and hundreds of times have you looked at playing cards? Then answer this: Three of the kings carry swords, while one carries an axe. Which king is that? And have you noticed the strange similarity between a pack of cards and the calendar? Thus:-

52 cards in a pack—52 weeks in a year.
4 suits in a pack—4 quarters in a year.
13 cards in a suit—13 weeks in a quarter.
12 court cards in a pack—12 months in a year.

Of the Jacks in a modern pack, three look to the right and one to the left; the kings are the same. Do you know who is the odd man out in each case? Of the queens, two look to the left and two to the right—one black and one red of each.

By making London bus and tram tickets one two-hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch thinner, 470 tons of paper are being saved every year. The number of such tickets issued annually in London is 1,885,000,000!

I returned to the saloon. The panel was shut, and I heard the water hissing into the reservoirs. The Nautilus began to sink vertically, its screw was stopped, and communicated no movement to it. A few minutes later it stopped at a depth of 418 fathoms, and rested on the ground.

The luminous ceiling of the saloon was then extinguished, the panels were opened, and through the windows I saw the sea lighted up within a radius of half-a-mile by our electric lantern.

I looked through the larboard window and saw nothing but an immensity of tranquil water.

On the starboard appeared a large protuberance which attracted my attention. It looked like a ruin buried under a crust of whitish shells like a mantle of snow. Whilst attentively examining this mass I thought I recognised the swollen outlines of a ship, cleared of her masts, that must have gone down prow foremost. The disaster must have taken place at a distant epoch. This wreck, incrustated with lime, had been lying many years at the bottom of the ocean.

(Continued to-morrow)

PFOOF

By F. W. THOMAS

TURN-UPS have disappeared from our trousers, and with turn-ups—Pfoof.

Pfoof is that fluffy, powdery, woolly deposit which accumulates in one's turn-ups, and is so called from the noise one's wife makes in disposing of it. She turns down the turn-ups, gives them a brush, and then goes "Pfoof!" And the pfoof is dispersed.

At spring-cleaning time the sky over Kensington, Kingston and Kincardineshire is often darkened by clouds of pfoof, blown out of the local turn-ups by energetic housewives. And pfoof, says the medical profession, is a menace to our health. It is full of germs. So the medical profession, having worn turn-ups for the past two hundred years, now lets out three hearty cheers at their disappearance.

But, considered in the right light, pfoof is rather beautiful. It constitutes a summary, an index, to our activities during the past year.

CLASSIFIED PFOOF.

Yesterday, having much work to do, I turned out a pair of flannel bags that had not seen daylight since last September, turned down their turn-ups, and discovered the following collection of pfoof:-

- Several cake crumbs,
- Half a cinema ticket,
- One cherry-bob,
- Two grains of corn,
- One oat,
- One flea, dead,

and about half an ounce of assorted pfoof, too dusty and pfoofy to be identified.

These things tell stories. The cake crumbs, for instance. They were collected during tea at the Vicarage. There had been a bun struggle for the Sunday School children the day before, and Mrs. Vicar had rounded up a few friends to eat up the remnants. I know that Sunday School cake.

The cinema ticket tells me little. Usually there are two, but this time I seem to have left the girl to pay for herself.

The cherry-bob reminds me of a stroll through the orchard behind the Cow and Gluepot at Tenterden, when the Black Hearts were ripe and ready, and the landlord wasn't looking.

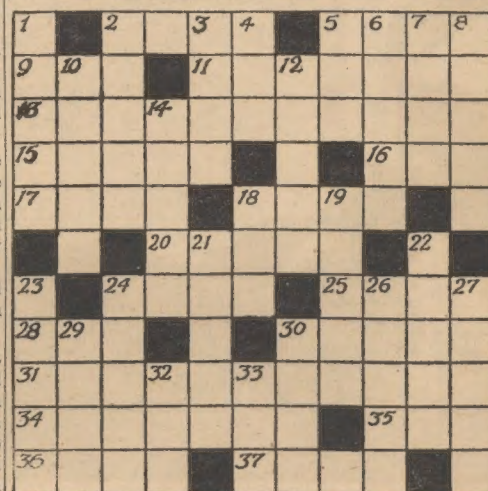
Later in the year I was roped in to help with the harvest. Hence the two grains of corn. I am giving these to a neighbour who keeps a chicken. He'll be ever so pleased. Also the oat, if he wants it.

DEATH OF A FLEA.

The occasion of the flea's corpse I remember quite well. It was on a walk across the Downs, from Hindover to Wickyup Hill, when Judy the Cocker went down a rabbit hole and came out swarming with fauna. We had to de-louse her with the vacuum cleaner, and I suppose one of the little so-and-so's escaped into my turn-up, to die there of starvation.

You see, there is a lot of good, clean fun to be got out of pfoof; and when I am an old, old man, with porridge in my beard, I shall sit by the fire and call, not for my diaries, letters and photographs, but for my old trousers; and from the contents of their turn-ups, seek to recapture the glamour of my hot youth.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Trout.
- 5 Money.
- 9 Sailor.
- 11 Fickle.
- 13 Fancy.
- 15 Cried like crow.
- 16 Study.
- 17 Sort of skirt.
- 18 Tree.
- 20 Concord.
- 24 Place.
- 25 Dissolve.
- 28 Near the stern.
- 30 Intact.
- 31 Niggardly.
- 33 Harangues.
- 35 Unit of work.
- 36 Went fast.
- 37 Satisfactorily.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

BOOM JESTER
ASPIRANT DA
ICED RAISIN
LINGS BRICK
LEARN NE
DAB FIELDER
ATONED I M
VETO DENSER
I HOWL AWAY
TOES ENGAGE
SHREWD EYE

CLUE DOWN.

- 1 Cleave.
- 2 Move slowly.
- 3 Among.
- 4 Double.
- 5 Animal.
- 6 Continue.
- 7 Blackthorn's fruit.
- 8 Dye from privet.
- 10 In haste.
- 12 Unspoken.
- 14 Style of production.
- 18 Kindled.
- 19 Old stories.
- 21 Nuzzled.
- 22 Less ruddy.
- 23 Agreements.
- 24 Good supply.
- 26 Inn.
- 27 Cleat.
- 29 Flick.
- 30 Sagacious.
- 32 Heavy.
- 33 Small number.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

POCKET VENUS



Above is Joan Manning, chosen as Australia's Pocket Venus. She knits comforts for the Aussie forces and writes letters to hundreds of the troops. Whistling Charlie and his shipmate "Tubby," below, are trying a few bars from "All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor"—but she hasn't melted to it yet.

GOT HIS GOAT



And made him look quite an ass, too ; but, damme, a chap has to give a guy a leg-up now and again. Let's hope that Neddy gets his share at the "prize-court," anyway.



THEY'VE SAID IT

We don't know whether the sleepers were there before they painted the signpost, or whether the sign invoked the drowsiness—but they certainly go well together.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

